COUNTY DIRECTORY.

CIRCUIT COURT.

Hon. James Stuart, Judge, Owensboro.
E. Board, Clerk, Hardinsburg.
V. G. Babbage, Master Commissioner, Hardinsburg.
D. S. Richardson, Sheriff, Union Star. Deputies—C. M. McIlhinhin, Union Star; John Alexander, Hardinsburg; C. W. Moorman, Cloverport, and G. W. Board, Hardinsburg.
Court convenes second Mondays in April and November, and continues two weeks each term.

CRIMINAL COURT.

Hon. J. A. Murray, Judge, Cloverport.
Hon. Joseph Hayeraft, Attorney, Owensboro.
E. Board, Clerk, Hardinsburg.
John Hinton, Jailor, Hardinsburg.
Court begins first Mondays in June and December, and continues two weeks, each term.

COUNTY COURT.

Milton Board, Judge, Hardinsburg.
J. P. Jolly, Clerk, Hardinsburg.
W. K. Barnes, Attorney, Hardinsburg.
Court begins on the third Monday in each month.

QUARTERLY COURT.

Convenes fourth Mondays in March, June, September and December.

COURT OF CLAIMS.

Sits the third Mondays in January and November.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Lon Cashman, Assessor, Webster.
J. B. Board, Surveyor, Bewleyville.
Harvey Brumfield, Coroner, Union Star.
N. Mc. Mercer, School Commissioner, Hardinsburg.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

HARDINSBURG CIRCUIT.

Methodist Episcopal Church (South).—Rev. W. M. Lambert, Pastor. Hardinsburg—Preaching 4th Sabbath in each month, at 11 o'clock a. m. and at 7 o'clock p. m. Class meeting every Sunday morning at 9 o'clock. Sabbath School at 2 o'clock p. m.; Dr. J. M. Taylor, Superintendent. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night.

Oakland—Preaching every 4th Sabbath at 3 o'clock p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday night.

Mt. Zion—Preaching every 1st Sabbath at 11 o'clock a. m. Sabbath School every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock a. m.; Dr. S. O. Pullins, Superintendent.

Cave Spring.—Preaching every 1st Sabbath afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Webster—Preaching every 2d Sabbath at 11 o'clock a. m., and at 7 o'clock p. m.

Union Star—Preaching every 3d Sabbath at 11 o'clock a. m., and at 7 o'clock p. m. Sabbath School every Sunday morning at 9½ o'clock; Richard Cox, Superintendent. Class meetings every 1st and 3d Sabbaths. Prayer meeting every Thursday night.

CLOVERPORT.

Baptist Church, Rev. A. J. Miller, Pastor.—Preaching every 2d and 4th Sabbaths at 11 o'clock a. m., and 7 o'clock p. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Sunday-School every Sunday morning at 9 o'clock; R. H. Berry, Superintendent.

Methodist Church (South), Rev. J. L. Errington, Pastor.—Preaching the 1st and 3d Sabbaths at 11 o'clock a. m., and 7 o'clock p. m. Preaching every 2d and 4th Sabbaths at 7 o'clock p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday night. Sabbath School every Sabbath evening at 3 o'clock; P. V. Dantzan, Superintendent. Regular preaching at Hole's Bottom the 2d Sabbath at 11 o'clock a. m., and at Liberty the 4th Sabbath at 11 o'clock a. m.

Presbyterian Church, Rev. J. B. McDonald, Pastor.—Preaching every 3d and 4th Sabbaths at 11 o'clock a. m., and at 7 o'clock p. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 10½ o'clock. Sunday School every Sunday morning at 9 o'clock; Jno. A. Murray, Superintendent.

Catholic Church, Rt. Rev. T. J. Jenkins, Pastor.—Services the 1st Sabbath in every month, and on the Monday after the third Sunday in every month.

J. C. BABBAGE,
Attorney at Law,
CLOVERPORT, KY.

Will practice his profession in all the courts of Breckenridge and adjoining counties. Prompt attention will be given to all claims placed in his hands for collection, at reasonable rates. n32ly

SOLID SILVER TEASPOONS FOR $5.50.

Sent postpaid to any address for $5.50, and fifty cents to pay postage. Money sent in registered letter will be at our risk. Address, F. NEDLEY & BRO., Silversmiths, 173 Wall Street, Cloverport, Ky. jn1-6m

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DOCTOR'S HELPER,
CUPPING, BLEEDING, TOOTH PULLING, HAIR DYING, ETC.
CUSTOMERS ATTENDED TO AT ALL HOURS.
RESIDENCE:
River Street, adjoining Temple's Hotel.
Towels, Razors, Mugs, etc., strictly clean, and work done in the most approved manner. Patronage solicited.

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Will practice in all the courts of Breckenridge and adjoining counties.
Deeds, Mortgages, etc., and all legal instruments carefully prepared.
Titles investigated and abstracts furnished. Prompt and careful attention given to all business entrusted to me. no 11 tf

MILLER & HOVIOUS,
Livery and Sale Stable,
Second Street Between Main and the River

First-class livery to be had at this Stable Horses boarded by the day or week at reasonable rates.

T. N. Vessels, Hardinsburg. W. W. Vessels, Cloverport.

Vessels' Saloon,
OLD RAVIESS AND NELSON CO. WHISKIES PURE WINES and BRANDIES.
Lager Beer.

OUR PLEDGE.

We do pledge ourselves to abstain from the use of all adulterated wines, liquors, beer, &c., and do promise that for our own comfort, pleasure and economy, we will use none but the best, such as is always found at

VESSELS', Show sign
In Hardinsburg or use your
Cloverport, Ky. there.
QUICK!

I pay my drinks at Vessels'.

Hardinsburg and Cloverport, Ky. ja5dly

THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

Independent in all things, Neutral in nothing, Principles, not party; Men, not availability.

VOL. III. CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4, 1879. NO. 46.

The Song.

MIRKWOOD MERE.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Late, when the autumn evening fell
On Mirkwood Mere's romantic dell,
The lake returned the chasten'd gleams,
The purple cloud, the golden beam;
Reflected in the crystal pool,
Headland and bank lay fair and cool;
The weather-tinted rock and tower,
Nash drooping tree, each fairy flower,
So true, so soft, the mirror gave
As if they lay beneath the wave.
Secure from trouble, toil and care—
A world than earthly world more fair;
But distant winds began to wake,
And roused the Genius of the Lake!
He heard the groaning of the oak,
And deem'd at once his sable cloak,
As warrior at the battle cry
Invests him with his panoply;
Then, as the whirlwind nearer press'd,
O'er furrow'd brow and bleaken'd cheek,
And hade his surge in thunder speak,
In wild and broken eddies whirl'd,
Fitted that fond ideal world;
And so the shore in tumult loved,
The realms of fairy bliss were lost,
Yet, with a stern delight and strange,
I saw the spirit-stirring change:
As warr'd the wind with wave and wood,
Upon the rain'd tower I stood,
And felt my heart more strangely bound,
Responsive to the lofty sound,
While joying in the mighty roar,
I mourn'd that tranquil scene so more.
So, on the idle dreams of youth
Breaks the loud trumpet call of Truth,
Bids each fair vision pass away,
Like landscape on the lake that lay,
As fair, as fleeting, and as frail,
As that which fled the autumn gale;
Forever dead to Fahey's eye
Be each fair form that glided by;
While dreams of love and lady's charms,
Give place to honor and to arms!

The Story.

JOHN DAX.
A Romance of Poverty.

BY F. W. ROBINSON.

CHAPTER I.—JOHN DAX.

The fusey repository in Gibbon Street, Lambeth, was no ephemeral affair—none of your fly away luminesces, subject to arrange accidents, defalcant tenests, and missing keys at those embarrassing quarters of the year when the landlord wants his rent. Meager and poor to look at, "Morison's Repository" had avidently been a good one to go, if the board between the first floor windows could be relied on for veracity, the business having been established in the year of our Lord one thousand, seven hundred and ninety-eight. No one doubted the fact in Gibbon Street, the oldest inhabitant had no recollection of any name save Morison over the little square windows of the shop, where business was far from brisk despite the date of its first start, and the claims of old associations which it asserted over all new-comers to the neighborhood.

There were three Morisons left to manage the shop at the date our story opens—two pale-faced young women who would have been pretty in another sphere, with a fancy repository off their minds, and a struggle to keep afloat in the world less perceptibly manifest, and a third woman, paler and more wan, who was the mother of the other two.

These three took care of the shop and of Mr. Morison, a clerk in the Customs, with a scanty salary that helped toward paying the rent, and kept him every evening in fours of whisky and water, hot, at the "George," over the way. It scarcely seemed possible that Morison's Repository could be doing very well down that shadowy back street, where grim facts were more patent to the locality than fancy goods. There was little in the windows to attract the attention of passers-by making their short-cuts to Waterloo Road and Kennington, and the regular customers were few and far between. The stock did not change much from year's end to year's end. There were wooden and leather dolls that seemed as old and limestained as the bricks of the establishment; there was a superior wax doll under a cracked glass shade, which had been once the glory of the firm, but which had let in the flies of late days and spotted irretrievably the image of youthful beauty still simpering beneath it. In their proper season there were a few new half-penny balls, sheets of cocks, marbles and kites, but they went off slowly and there was always a heavy percentage of them lying in odd corners of the window long after the demand for them had subsided. It was in the depth of one of the fiercest winters that Gibbon Street had ever known that a certain John Dax took it into his head to make a strong effort to die upon the Morison's door-step, after the repository had been closed for the night, and Mr. Morison, following his invariable custom, had gone over to the "George," and to those cronies of his whom he always found in the bar-parlor.

John Dax had been wandering about the London streets all day in search of employment that was not ready to his hands, or to be found on that occasion at any price—times being bad, and people with spare cash in their pockets being strongly disposed to keep it there. He was seventeen years of age then, a lank, ill-proportioned youth, with how to "live" eternally impressed upon the little mind of which he stood possessed. He had left Glander's Court early that day in search of food; he had been hustled out of home by a lame old father with a heavy crutch, and told to get food for himself or starve in the search of it—the father was not particular which—and at all events to keep clear of him till he could support himself, and bring home a shilling or two to pay for board and lodging, and help his afflicted parent in this world of woe.

"Gor's truth—ain't there any handkerchiefs hanging out of back pockets now?" he had screamed forth in his rage; but this might have been in a moment of excitement, and not intended as a hint to his son and heir, standing by the doorway, and keeping a watchful eye upon the crutch. At all events, John Dax had not brought home pocket handkerchief, but had loitered about the streets where there was no work for casual hands to be found that day, and no costers' barrows to wheel in the Cut and Lower Marsh, and no horses to hold, and no luck any where—luck being dead against the youth at this period of his career.

So John Dax had given up about ten o'clock at night, and had sunk down on the step of the repository and gone quickly off into a swoon, with the snow falling upon him and wrapping him round in its premature shroud. It was Mrs. Morison, coming to the door to see if her lord and husband was on his way home from the "George," who was the first to discover John Dax, and to scream loudly as he fell backward into the shop when the support to his back was suddenly withdrawn from him.

"Oh, my gracious! look here, Ellen—look here, Mary," Mrs. Morison called to her daughters in the back parlor; "here's your father come home again in such a state! Here's— Oh, no! it isn't Morison, it's another one. Come and help me get him off the premises."

When her daughters were by her side, the truth dawned upon them more clearly.

"It's not any one is toxicated," said Ellen.

"It's a poor fellow in a fit," said Mary Morison.

Then the three women, all with gentle hearts enough and easily touched, though life had been hard with them in Gibbon Street, set to work to bring John Dax to himself, and were busily employed in that laudable purpose, when Mr. Morison shambled back from the "George" and added himself to the general company in the shop.

"What's the matter?" he asked, in a thick voice; "what's the matter with the—"

"It's a poor lad taken ill; we've brought him in-doors for a moment."

"I wouldn't have put him on the top of the Noah's arks," said Mr. Morison, in mild reproof; "he's damaging the property."

"He's coming round," said Mary, as John Dax opened his eyes and stared at the faces looking down upon him.

"Where's the—what's this?" asked John.

"This is Morison's Repository, Gibbon Street, young man," said Mr. Morison.

"Oh! is it?"

"And I hope you haven't been drinking, to account for this state?"

"No," answered John, faintly, "nor eatin either—was luck!"

"Starving!" cried Ellen Morison; "oh, see! he looks like it, poor fellow!"

"When did you have any thing to eat last?" asked Mary, who was young and curious.

"Or drink last?" added Mr. Morison, also sympathetic, and knowing what an utter misery absence from drink was to him at any period of his existence.

"Can't remember; yesterday, I think."

"Not to-day—at all?" asked Ellen, anxiously.

"Not to-day—blest if I have."

"See to him, let us do something," said Mary Morison, and then there was much bustle in Gibbon Street, and some bread and cheese and ale found by these poor people for John Dax.

When John Dax was getting rapidly better he condescended to impart some general information as to his mode of living, or rather his method of attempting to live under the difficulties that oppressed him, and it was not altogether a pleasant confession. Still, they wished to know, and he was grateful and communicative. After all, it was a commonplace history enough. He had been for some weeks out of work, and times were generally bad. His father was a vocalist, that is, a gentleman whose especial mission it was to howl nautical ballads in the streets, and depend upon the patronage of those who stopped to hear him. It had been hard work that winter with John's father, too, whose voice gave way about the same period as his legs, which were taken suddenly with paralysis, and spoiled business, and so John Dax from that time forth had done his best to work for his father and himself, not always with success, and not at any time to the satisfaction of his parent, who was an exacting man, a mercenary man, and hard to please. When John Dax came home with less than one and sixpence, John Dax's father swore profanely; and when John brought no money home at all—which was occasionally the case—the father would fling his crutches at him, and bid him keep away until he was of service to him, and money could be had in some fashion, as we have already intimated.

This night was the beginning of the real life of John Dax, and brought about more than any of them dreamed. John had become an object of interest to the Morisons, and he was touched by the first kindness which he had encountered in his gutter-bred existence. He went away muttering many thanks; he returned the next morning to volunteer his services in any fashion "free and gratis," to show that he was not unmindful of the past charity that had been extended to him. He departed somewhat crestfallen at no work being found for him on those terms, if he could have taken a parcel home or run on an errand he would have been happier in his mind. He turned up once more in the evening, and was fortunately of service on that occasion. Mr. Morison was late; there was a debate on Political Economy at the "George," and the proprietor of the repository had a great deal to say upon the question, and was not at home to put the shutters up. The next night Mr. Morison was at home, and put one of the shutters through the window, being generally shaky about the hands, and John Dax proved to be of use again, as an amateur glazier who could save expense for the Morisons by buying putty and glass for them and doing the job right off, but with a lavish consumption of putty, some of which he left on the dolls and shuttlecocks. He would take nothing for himself on this occasion; he shrank away as once when they offered him a few pence, and muttered,

"No, thnnkee—for nuffink, please, if you'll let me jest this time."

He was of use once again that week in helping Mr. Morison home. The second debate on Political Economy, combined with two extra "fours" of whisky, had overpowered the toy-man, and John guided his steps reverently to the emporium, and landed him in the front shop in safety and with dignity. After this, John was an irregular attendant and servitor, and came in handy now and then, till the decease of Mr. Morison, who went off suddenly to the intense grief of a family that thought a great deal more of him than they had ever elsed had done. It was a great grief and a great loss, for Mr. Morison's salary went off with him, and the three women were left to struggle against the world together. Such struggling as it always is, too, in streets like this of Gibbon. There came a change in the affairs of the Morisons—an alteration of the tactics by which this hard world was to be confronted. Toys would not keep the wolf from the door. Toys were never in great demand in that neighborhood; the children made dolls for themselves out of their own rags, fancy chains from the cherry stones that were picked out of the gutter, and little go-carts from the crab shells smashed in the costermonger's yards. Real toys were for the happy and prosperous youth of other places.

There appeared suddenly at the back of the shop window a written announcement in Italian hand, framed, and glazed, that told the old story of hard work and small pay. "Dress-making done here," was formally announced three months after old Morison had died, leaving a second wife and two daughters to the mercies of Gibbon Street; and then this dress-making killed the willow off-hand, and made of the two daughters two sunken-eyed, hollow-cheeked, sad-looking young women, whom the neighbors respected and pitied, and helped with orders when they were able. Time was when the Morison girls had been considered stuck up, and inclined to stand aloof from the people next door and over the way; but this was in the old times, when Morison was under government. Gibbon Street fancied that Morison was well off in the world, and said, till his death, that he had made a pretty penny by the business; but after his wife and daughters had half ruined themselves with the expenses of his funeral it began to be whispered abroad that they were "down on their luck," even for the residents of Gibbon Street. Still, they never gave way, never acknowledged that they were poor or hard-pressed, even when the mother died; and three years afterward they were still the Misses Morison, of the repository, with a smile and nod—the former forced at times—to those who gave each in her turn good-day at the front door or in the murky recesses of the shop.

They were young women seldom, if ever, seen together—work would not allow it, or the shop stopped the way to the society of each other, for if there were no pressure of business, there were many questions as to the price of goods, from penniless children of an inquiring turn of mind and with much time upon their hands. One week Mary Morison, the younger sister, worked at dress-making behind the counter, and Ellen, the elder by two years, was to be seen, over the wire blind of the parlor door, stitching quickly and steadily, and thinking of old times, perhaps; and next week the position would be reversed, and Mary would be indoors, and Ellen waiting for all customers. They went to church twice every Sunday, and were good young women, who did not run after chops on Sabbath evenings, as was the fashion among the girls of Gibbon Street, take them in the aggregate. It was remarked presently by curious folk that they did not go to church together, but that each went her own way and to her own particular place of worship, as though their religious differed or a week's hard work together had rendered them weary of each other's company. And Sundays or week days, they always looked gravely at the world before them, and took life as a serious undertaking, which it was to them. They kept no company, and they never called upon their neighbors save in the way of "measuring" and "fitting" and taking home their work; want of time was their excuse, whenever excuse was necessary, to those who would have liked to call them friends.

Mary and Ellen Morison had no friends unless we except John Dax, who was always their "humble and obedient servant to command," and who came every morning at seven and every evening at ten to take down and put up the shutters before the windows of the establishment, on which he considered himself now permanently engaged. So time went on, and John Dax grew up to manhood, and there were five years and some odd months lying between the present time and the far-away epoch when he was discovered on the door-step.

John Dax had not been a strong youth, and hard work and indifferent living had told against him, till the sight of his collapse, as they were telling against him even more forcibly now. He was the more shadow of a young man, a patient and uncomplaining being, whom the wise folk down his court where his father lived considered "half a fool," he was so awfully quiet, and took his troubles with such strange philosophy. The life of the boy was the life of the man, with very little difference, contrary winds having been dead against John Dax from the unfortunate day of his birth—factory life, street-barrow life, shoe-black life, life from hand to mouth, which means the mouth wide open and nothing for the hand to put into it.

Patience and perseverance in this week, old-fashioned young man ought to have accomplished something for John Dax, if there be any truth in aphorisms; but there were certain obstacles in his way, and he was only surmounting them by degrees. Five years ago he had been unable to read and write, and Mary Morison had told him she was ashamed of him for that, and he had begun in odd moments afterward, and under terrible difficulties, his father's grave objection being one of them. He had succeeded partly in his efforts, that is, he could write his own name and spell a few facts out of the columns of a newspaper. Mary Morison, unwittingly, was another obstacle to his advancement, for we may say at once that John Dax was over head and ears in love with her and would have declined any situation under the sun that would have prevented his opening and shutting the repository, and catching a glimpse of Mary's face, and of being warmed to the heart's core by Mary's sad but pleasant smile. Mary was a princess to this ill-clad, ill-fed young man —a divinity in rusty black—and as for which this hard world was to be confronted. Toys would not keep the wolf from the door. Toys were never in great demand in that neighborhood; the children made dolls for themselves out of their own rags, fancy chains from the cherry stones that were picked out of the gutter, and little go-carts from the crab shells smashed in the costermonger's yards. Real toys were for the happy and prosperous youth of other places.

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Home Doctor.

ONIONS IN CROUP.—Probably nine children out of ten who die of croup might be saved by a timely application of roast onions, mashed, laid upon a folded napkin, and goose oil, sweet oil, or even lard, poured on and applied as hot as can be borne comfortably to the throat and upper part of the chest, and to the feet and hands. Never neglect the first symtoms.

OAK POISON.—Having just rend the announcement of the death of a man from "oak poison," and knowing a certain cure, will you please publish it? I obtained it from the Druggists' Circular many years ago, and have applied it very many times, never having known it to fail. Dilute sweet spirits of nitre with the same quantity of cold water; apply with a white cloth every ten minutes until cured. When of a few hours contraction it seldom requires more than one application.

FOOD FOR INVALIDS.

BEEF JELLY.—Take one pound of round steak, free from fat; cut into small pieces and put into a wide-mouthed bottle (or what is better, an earthen jar); barely cover the meat with cold water; set the jar in a kettle of water and let it boil one hour; add to the juice thus obtained two wine glasses of best sherry wine, the juice of one lemon and a quarter of a box of gelatine or enough to set the jelly; pour into very small cups or moulds and turn out upon a saucer when ready to serve.

BEEF EXTRACT.—Chop a pound of lean beef (the round is the best); put in a wide-mouthed bottle without water; place the bottle in cold water and let it come to a boil; boil slowly for two hours; skim all particles of grease from the top when done. It may be given cold or warm. A pound of meat will furnish above three or four tablespoonsful of extract which will contain all the nutriment of the meat.

BEEF TEA.—Scrape one pound of lean beef into fibers on a board; place the scraped meat in a saucepan and pour half a pint of boiling water over it; cover closely and set on the fire for ten minutes; strain into a teacup; place the teacup in a bath of ice cold water; remove all the fat by means of immersing a piece of blotting paper or by skimming; pour into a warm cup and serve. This is a quick way to make beef tea.

BEEF SOUP.—Prepare the extract as indicated in No. 2; add a tumbler of boiled milk slightly thickened with flour (see that there are no lumps in it); flavor with extract of celery.

The Housewife.

KEROSENE, used occasionally, will make all the parts of your sewing machine work clearer, but do not use it too frequently.

In hatching turkey eggs sprinkle them the last two weeks slightly every other day with water that has had the chill taken off. Some moisture seems to be necessary for turkey eggs.

Neatly fitting gloves are the finishing touch to a lady's attire, but half of them don't smooth out and properly care for them when they remove them. They wad them up and stick them into their pocket or toss them aside all moist and wrinkled and broken instead.

Treat the family cow to a little oil cake meal every day, and she will quickly repond in more and much richer milk. Try it. Fresh ground and pure it contains a larger por contage of gluten, albumen, starch, sugar and fat.

To mend kid gloves work a button hole stitch about the edge of the tore place, as far as it extends, do it with good silk thread; then, when down, catch the edges together with a back-and-forth stitch, so as to have a smooth, flat seam.

A RECEIPT FOR BAUDOLINE.—Tragacanth, three-quarters of an ounce; add one pint of water, steep for a day or two; strain through cloth; macerate two days; incorporate perfume to suit in two ounces of alcohol.

TO WASH A KNITTED SHAWL.—Take enough warm water, not hot, and rub about an ounce of soap in it; lay your shawl on it and pour over it a tablespoonful of magical mixture. After letting it lie ten minutes, rub it out of this and rinse out of cold blued water, and bang it in the wind to dry quickly.

CARE OF HANGING BASKETS.—Hanging plants, whether in baskets or in suspended pots, are more apt to become over dry than others, and need special care. Baskets are best watered by plunging them in a bucket or tub of water, and allowing them to get thoroughly soaked through; of course dripping must cease before they are returned to place.

PUTTING AWAY FURS FOR SUMMER.—When you are ready to put away furs and woolens and want to guard against the depredations of moths, pack them securely in paper flour sacks and tie them up well. This is better than camphor or snuff scattered among them in chests and drawers. Before putting your muffs away for summer, twist them by the cords at the ends, so that every hair will straighten. Put them in their boxes and paste a strip of paper where the lid fits on. A small piece of paper or linen moistened with turpentine and put into the wardrobe, is also a good preventive for moths.

Cooking Recipes.

PLAIN RUSKS.—One cup of yeast, one cup of sugar, one cup of water, one egg, a little salt, a large spoonful of lard; mix together, let them rise twice and bake.

A DELICATE CAKE.—Time, about one hour. One pound of sugar; one pound of flour; seven ounces of butter; whites of eight eggs; half a nutmeg grated; a little of Burnett's lemon extract.

STRAWBERRY TRIFLE.—Beat well the whites of three eggs, add a cup of powdered sugar, and a cup of strawberries mashed. Beat all well together until stiff. Serve with cream. Preserved strawberries of Jelly may be used

COFFEE CAKE.—Use one cup of molasses, one cup of butter, one cup of very strong coffee, half a cup of dry brown sugar, four cups of flour, two eggs, one pound of raisins, one nutmeg, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one teaspoon of cloves and cinnamon, mixed.

SWEET RUSKS.—One pint warm milk, half a cup of butter, one cup of sugar, two eggs, one teaspoonful salt, two tablespoonfuls of yeast; make a sponge with milk and yeast; add flour for thin batter; rise over night; in the morning add butter, eggs and sugar; beat well together, add salt and flour enough for soft dough; mold with the hands into balls; let them rise very light and bake; wash the tops with a soft cloth dipped in molasses and water.

FRIED BREAD CAKES.—Take any bits of bread you may have left after meals, soak them in milk, or milk water, until perfectly soft; mush fine, add two eggs, pinch of soda, salt to taste, add enough flour to make them fry nicely; drop the spoonfuls into hot butter or lard. These are inexpensive and good, and a better way to use dry bread than in puddings.

HOW TO ROAST MEAT.—Let me suggest to the cooks, when roasting beef, cover. If you get a sheet-iron cover made it will be the cheapest, but I use a large iron skillet, and for a corer take a pressed tin pan that just fits. The meat cooks more tender and does not scorch if not basted every ten or fifteen minutes. I stab the meat with a sharp knife, and then put a little salt in each incision. Salt the meat over the surface, dust a very little pepper over, fill the skillet two-thirds full of boiling water, corer, and put in the oven to roast; having tried this plan once, you will forget there ever was any other.

BUCKAPAW PUFFS.—Half a pint of milk, one pint of flour, two eggs, a tablespoonful of butter, or two of cream, and a teaspoonful of salt. Bake in hot roll pans.

The Beautiful Children.

A child, three years old, was dying of scarlet fever. She lingered long, and the last day of her life she was unconscious for hours. Many times her mother tried to rouse her, but in vain. She seemed to be sinking away in death without a token of recognition.

Suddenly she opened her eyes wide, lifted her head, and looked around the room as though filled with wonder and delight. She clapped her hands and cried eagerly to her mother:

"O, mamma, see the beautiful children!"

Her mother said, "Where?"

"O, all around!" she replied; and she turned her head as though she saw them in every direction. No written words can describe the rapture of her look and voice.

"They are coming, they are coming, *they are close to me!*" she said in a transport of joy.

She put up both hands, laughing out with that gleeful, ringing sound peculiar to little children, and then she died.—Christian Advocate.

In Lexington every one of nine witnesses before court for failure to appear on time, sold of new babies at their houses and were excused. One old fellow said it was the fourteenth at his house.—[Courier-Journal.

Wit and Jest.

There's always the dues to pay when a married man belongs to a lodge.

A boy with his elbows out was asked the cause and replied: "I laughed in my sleeves till I burst them."

It is one of the physiologists' mysteries why a boy's hands will blister so much sooner on a hoe handle than they will on a base ball bat.

Clara calls her husband, when he takes her in his arms to kiss her, a self-sealing envelope.

The flea, says the Boston Transcript, is the petroleum of the insect world. He is ever hitching for place, creates no end of disturbance, and you never know where to find him.

Question for a debating society: "If a man has a tiger by his tail, which would be best for his personal safety, to hold on or let go?"

Mrs. Ames has a story entitled "The Longest Hour of My Life." That was doubtless the hour she knew that her beau was calling on another girl across the street.

"Why," asked a governess of her little charge, "do we pray God to give us our daily bread?" Why don't we ask for four days, or five days or a week?" "Because we want it fresh," replied the ingenuous child.

At St. Anne's Sabbath School in Lowell, in answer to the question, "Which is the greatest church festival?" a little orphan girl, young enough to be supposed, "The strawberry festival."

No one has ever been able to find out why a boy stands the door when he goes out mad, but good guesses in imagine that it is because he daren't slam the family.

The man who rode Pacific for fifteen minutes received $2,500, or just the pay a good clergyman receives for a year. Is a race-horse better than religion?

When, according to Darwin, men were apes, they threw cocoanuts. When apes became men, they threw bricks. This is a sign of civilization.

A boy, at a recent examination in an English school, was asked who discovered America. "I wish I may die," says a British editor, "if he didn't answer—Yankee Doodle?"

An agricultural school for girls has been provided for by the Michigan Legislature. Good heavens! is woman to whistle at the plow while man stays at home and butters and cinnecs the bottle the baby? Another flood is an evident necessity.

"Ashuriph," says the Binghamton Republican, "is a very useful article to a woman. It serves the purpose of toothpick, button-hook and hair-fastener, but all this is no excuse for having one in your vest-pocket when your wife don't know where it comes from."

At a recent wedding, according to the frantic reporter of the local paper, "the bright lights upon the bridal supper tables were pure amber masses of quivering translucence, catching the wine colored prisms of perfumed light, and holding them in tremulous mirrors of rosy beauty." That's enough to send a man off to propose to the ugliest woman he knows, on the chance of having such things as that for supper.

Teacher: "What bird did Noah send out of the ark?" Smallest boy in class after a pause: "A dove, sir." Teacher: "Very well, but I should have thought some of you big boys would have known that." Tall pupil: "Please, sir, that boy ought to know, sir, 'cause his father's a bird-ketcher, sir."

Even in telegraphing one must observe the ordinary rules of grammar. A lady desired to communicate by electricity to her husband in the city the name and size of an ill-mannered text which she had promised for the Sunday school room. When the order reached him it read, "Unto us a child is born, nine feet long by two feet wide."

A man named Clare had raised a large family of boys. He had desired a girl, but the fates had gone against him. At last after six baby boys had come to bless him and keep his purse lean and drain out pennies, a girl had put in an appearance. He was so delighted and surprised that he raised up his voice and exclaimed: "Well, I declare!" And so they named her Ida Clare.

A female book agent caused the publication in the Sacramento Bee of the death of one George W. Bruff. Now Bruff was not dead and appealed in the Bee to restore him to life. The Bee found the woman, who explained that Bruff owed her, and filed a day when he would pay if he was alive, as he did not pay she concluded he was dead and published him in the Bee. Bruff and the Bee folks are angry; everybody else laughs.

"Have you enjoyed our strawberry festival, boys?" "Oh, yes, sir!" "Then," asked the teacher, seeking to append a moral, "if you had slipped into my garden and picked those strawberries without my leave, would they have tasted as good as now?" Every little boy in that stained and sticky company shrieked "No, sir!" "Why not?" "Cause," said Arthur Thomas, with the cheerfulness of conscious virtue, "then we shouldn't have had sugar and cream with 'em."

A teacher once endeavored to illustrate faith thus: "Children, if I should tell you that one day I saw a monkey climbing a liberty pole, would you believe it?" "Yes, sir," unanimously. "Well, that is faith; you believe me because I say it, and you feel that I would not tell an untruth." The next day the question was asked of the same children, "What is faith?" "A monkey climbing a liberty pole," answered a quick little boy.

The dearly beloved wife of a Frenchman recently deserted him for another man. Did he follow her, and, falling on his knees, beseech her for their children's sake to return? Did he take down the old double-barrel, shoot his wife and her lover, and knock himself on the head with the stock? Did he set himself up for a misanthrope or woman-hater, or institute suit against somebody for over so many ciphers' damages? Not much. He merely caused it to be published that he had drawn $50,000 in a lottery, and his wife was back next morning before breakfast.

BRECKENRIDGE NEWS

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CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY.

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All communications must be accompanied by the name of the author. We will, by request, withhold the name from the public.

WALLACE GRUELLE, Editor.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4, 1879.

Democratic Ticket

AUGUST ELECTION, 1879.

Governor—LUKE P. BLACKBURN, of Jefferson.
Lt. Governor—JAMES E. CANTRILL, of Scott.
Attorney General—P. W. HARDIN, of Mercer.
Auditor—FAYETTE HEWITT, of Hardin.
Treasurer—JAMES W. TATE, of Franklin.
Supt. Pub. Instr—J. D. PICKETT, of Fayette.
Register—RALPH SHELDON, of Nelson.

COUNTY DEMOCRATIC TICKET
For Representative in General Assembly,
ROBERT R. PIERCE, of Cloverport.

PLATFORM.

1. The Democracy of Kentucky, in convention assembled, reaffirm their attachment to the Constitution of the United States and the union of the States as the best guarantee for the liberties of the people and their prosperity and happiness.

2. They rejoice in the fact that it is in their power to recognize that all the States are restored to their political autonomy.

3. They hereby record their solemn protest that a popular verdict at the polls has been reversed by the action of an electoral commission, and they declare that, while in the interest of peace that result was acquiesced in, yet it shall not be held as a precedent for future violations of right and justice. Though thus deprived of control of the Executive power in the administration of the Federal Government, they congratulate the people of the country at large that the popular will, exercised at the polls, has secured the supremacy of a Democratic majority in both houses of Congress. In further expression of our views we resolve that we have viewed with intense interest the issue between the Congress of the United States and the President, and contemplate with unfeigned anxiety and condemnation the unprecedented attitude assumed by the Executive in his message rejecting the supplies tendered him by the people for the support of their army, upon the wholesome condition that no military force should be used at their elections.

4. That we heartily indorse the position taken by our Senators and Representatives in Congress in coupling with the appropriation bills now pending a demand for redress of grievances by the repeal of existing laws which tolerate the presence of soldiers at the polls, the continuance of test oaths as a condition for jury service, and the employment of Supervisors and Deputy Marshals to control elections.

5. That in this great issue between the people and a partisan Executive we have implicit confidence in our Senators and Representatives, and, indorsing their action up to the present, hereby assure them of our hearty support in whatever action they may take to maintain the fundamental principle that the military power shall be kept subordinate to the civil, and that elections shall be free from executive interference.

6. That we approve the action of the General Assembly in submitting to the people the question of calling a convention for the purpose of forming a State Constitution, and we hereby commend the call to the favorable consideration of the Democratic voters of the State.

THE Jim Guthrie is the Ten Broeck of these waters. We can prove it by the Idlewild.

THE United States Senate adjourned to attend the Baltimore races, an act almost as silly as Hayes' veto messages.

CARLISLE, of Kentucky, and Field, of California, hitched to the Democratic wagon, would make a spanking show on the Presidential pike.

THE revised version reads—or ought to read—"And the wicked shall be cast into Ohio, where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched."

DITTOE, of the Newport Local, seems to think that it was only an advertising dodge—that Mr. Watterson wanted to see his name in the papers.

A LIVELY contest is going on between McCracken, Breathitt and Carter counties for the right to wear the designation of "Ohio of Kentucky."

IN Ohio, the ravishment of a female child is considered an inferior offense to horse-stealing. In fact, it rates about the same as murder in Kentucky.

THE Louisville scandal case has ended in Mr. Tomlinson recalling his wife from banishment, and once more installing her as mistress of his heart and home.

MUSSELL, of the Louisville Democrat, wants to be Governor Blackburn's Secretary of State. He evidently confounds the position with that of court jester.

THE report that Ike Trabue attempted to kiss a baby, one day last week, and frightened the poor innocent to death, was evidently started by Will Curd, of Murray.

THE recent decision of Baron Huddlestone in an English court that a woman can tell a lie much better than a man, is looked upon by Joe Mulhattan as a personal affront.

BOB GASSETT is once more at the helm of the Mt. Sterling Sentinel. He isn't much larger than a postage stamp, but his head holds a barrel of brains. We wish him smooth sailing from this on.

DR. FRANK has published his Hardinsburg "speech" in circular form. We notice that it purports to have been delivered on the 18th ultimo, which was Sunday. Can't the fellow print truth even through mistake?

GROVE KENNEDY expects, by pleading the infant act, to be acquitted by a Rockcastle jury. Col. Tom Buford is sanguine that the insanity dodge will work out his salvation in Owen county. Both of these enterprising citizens contemplate removing to Ohio this fall. They imagine that quiet people can live in peace over there.

THE assertion that Tilden is the only man who can save the Democratic party, reminds us of Sterl. Broadwell's recipe for preserving ice. Up in Cynthiana, some thirty years ago, a crack-brained confectioner named Jim Rickerson concluded he would put up enough ice to supply the town during the entire summer, and began operations by renting several of the largest ice-houses in the place. That winter chanced to be remarkably severe and the ice harvest a glorious one. But Rickerson was in a terrible quandary for something to pack it in. Straw was scarce and sawdust not to be obtained. Dr. Sterl. Broadwell advised him to use salt. "But," objected Rickerson, "I have heard that salt will melt ice." "Nonsense," said the Doctor. "Why, don't you know that it is the best and only reliable preservative that has yet been discovered? Do you preserve or cure meat with straw or sawdust? Do you preserve or pickle vegetables with either of them? No, you use salt, because salt is the only thing that answers the desired purpose. Straw and sawdust possess no preservative quality. Their only virtue lies in the fact that they exclude the air from ice and thus retard the process of melting. Yet it does melt all the same. You know yourself that all the ice houses in town are filled as full as they can hold, and yet when the hot summer weather comes not one of them contains a pound of ice. Suppose salt had been used for packing it; its density would exclude the air, and its peculiar properties preserve the ice; don't you see?" "By gunny," responded Jim, "it looks reasonable, and doggone if I don't try it." And off he rushed and bought up all the barrels of salt he could find, and, sure enough, amid the jeers and laughter of the town, he packed away his ice between thick layers of salt. Of course the inevitable result followed—in a brief while he had no ice. We are afraid that the attempt to preserve the Democratic party with Tilden would result like Rickerson's experiment with his ice, in its destruction.

PROPOSITION: *Theorem*—It is absurd reasoning to assert that 10,000 Republicans would stay at home and allow 2,600 Democrats to choose a Representative in Congress.—[Senator Blaine, in U. S. Senate, May 29.

Corollary first.—The manhood of 10,000 Southern Republicans is evidenced by the fact that they were cowed into non-action at the polls by 2,600 Democrats.

Corollary second.—The assertion that 10,000 Southern Republicans did not vote because they had no candidate in the field is "absurd reasoning."

Corollary third.—The 10,000 Southern Republicans did not run a candidate because 2,600 Democrats intimidated them.

Scholium.—It is assumed in the above that whenever Southern Republicans fail to nominate candidates for office it is in consequence of the terrorism exercised over them by Democrats, and that the larger the number of Republicans and the smaller the number of Democrats the greater the terrorism; for it is "absurd reasoning" to assert that unintimidated Republicans would abstain from voting on the flimsy pretext that they had no candidate of their own political faith to vote for.

THE State News column contains the suggestive fact that the most nearly unanimous Democratic county in Kentucky has, during the past year, made a bill of only four dollars for jail-board, and for six months there has not been a State prisoner in her jail. Trimble should be given a banner.—[Courier-Journal.

Trimble should be given her full meed of praise for the course she has pursued for several years past, and which has brought about such a happy and blessed condition to her people. *Not a drop of intoxicating liquor is permitted to be sold within its confines.* Of course, crime having nothing to feed and thrive on there, the jail must starve. The Courier-Journal could have mentioned another important and happy consequence of Trimble's prohibitory policy—her tax rates are less than half these of the counties surrounding her.

THE name of Thomas C. Blackwell may be strange to every one of our readers, but nevertheless it is that of a HERO in the loftiest acceptation of the term. He is a resident of Uniontown, Ky., and was a candidate before the Democratic convention of his county for nomination to the Legislature. Through some informality in the credentials, one precinct was silenced in the convention, which gave the nomination to Blackwell. Scorning to accept it under such circumstances, he instantly put his ambition to the sword, declined the nomination, and moved that his competitor be declared the nominee, which prevailed. Such an act, in those days of selfish greed and demagoguism, is too magnanimous, too heroic not to deserve special mention.

A FRANKFORT special to the Courier-Journal says: "It is understood here that Chief-Justice Pryor, speaking for the court, has written to Judge Hargis, advising him to initiate a civil suit against Col. Thos. M. Green in some county outside of Mason. It is also understood that Col. Green will accept service of process in any county." That is business. But then it does look strange that an "innocent" man has to be dragooned, as it were, into defending that which should be dearer to him than all the transitory honors of earth, than life itself, his own good repute among men.

DR. FRANK says that we are "the covert foe of the farmer and laboring man." Which is an infamous falsehood. We are a laboring man ourself, and have been all our life, which is more than Dr. Frank can truthfully say. He has sponged a living off Polly Dent ever since he married her, and much as he talks about his taxes, the only tax he pays is on his head—the farm and all other property being his wife's, and so bound up that it can not be touched for his debts.

TALMAGE has gone to Paris to view the can-can and interview the grisettes of the Latin Quarter and the lorettes of the Quai Richelieu, to ascertain for himself if they are really as wicked as the Plymouth Church people. When he returns we may reasonably expect a series of sermons almost as spicy as Mr. Henry Watterson's letters from "the gay city of sin."

THE Ohio Republicans nominated Charlie Foster for Governor, last Thursday.

It may be that it would be more satisfactory to the people of Kentucky if Judge Hargis would clear up the charges against him but he stands innocent until he is proven guilty, and it is not half so much his duty to have himself arrested and tried, as it is that of those who make the charges.—[Paris Kentuckian.

Our Bluegrass contemporary is guilty of special pleading. That accused persons should be held innocent until proved guilty is the shield the law throws around all rogues, and none but those conscious of guilt are willing to rest passive under its protection. The high-spirited, honorable, *innocent* man would scorn to shelter under it when charges are abroad detrimental to his good character. His first, last, and only impulse would be to boldly and without delay meet his accuser face to face, and employ every honorable means to fully and unequivocally refute and destroy the charges. That impulse has never yet seized upon Mr. Hargis. He sits under the charge quiet and apparently cowed, like a naughty child under the uplifted switch in its mother's hand.

And then, it is not a question of arrest and being arrested. Nobody proposes to have Hargis criminally indicted. He is not called upon to have himself arrested and tried. All that he has to do is to accept Col. Green's invitation, and institute civil proceedings against that gentleman in any circuit court of the commonwealth. He has the pick and choice of every county in the State for the hearing of his cause. If, when arraigned before the court, Col. Green fails to make good his charge by competent, trust-worthy testimony, then his accusation will fall to the ground and Hargis emerge from the ordeal a vindicated and stainless man. He has now been sheltering under the rogue's plea that he is innocent because he has not been proved guilty in a court of law—an impossible occurrence so long as he avoids entering court with his cause—for five long years, and the consequence is that the conviction is growing all over the State that he is guilty, shuns no attempt at vindication of himself for that reason, and is therefore unworthy of a seat upon the appellate bench. We will venture the assertion that no man in all Kentucky, other than Thomas F. Hargis, would have consented to allow so grave a charge to hang over him all this time without making an effort to refute it.

DR. FRANK speaks of Mr. Pierce as the oppressor and robber of the tobacco growers of the county, and this in the face of the fact that Mr. P. *has always paid a higher price for tobacco than any dealer that ever did business in the county.*

DR. FRANK is clearly of the opinion that ignorance is at the bottom of the Greenback movement. Not long ago, he told Bill Bruce, of the Association Warehouse, that "it was astonishing that Greenbackers were not more plentiful out in the backwoods, where the people are illiterate."

REUBEN DAILEY, of Jeffersonville, Ind., is soon to appear upon the rostrum as an infidel lecturer. Reuben is about three feet high and six feet through, and has heretofore served as beer-vat for the saloon-keepers of his town. His present ambition is to be recognized as Bob Ingersoll's spit-box.

DR. FRANK says he is a Jeffersonian Democrat. He never saw the day he ever was a Democrat of any kind. He was a pronounced Republican up to a year or two ago, when he pretended to quit that party because it always persistently refused to nominate him for the Legislature, and since that time—we will venture the assertion and leave it to the poll-books of his precinct—he never has once voted an unscratched Democratic ticket.

DR. FRANK is the candidate of the "farmers and laboring men." Bless your soul, he would not run of his own volition for the world! Nothing short of the heaviest pressure would have induced him to offer for the Legislature! Processions of farmers, miles in length, doubtless besieged and invaded his home before he would consent to announce himself! Poor fellow! He reminds us of Tom Sebastian, who once was placed in a similar strait. Tom worried himself almost to a skeleton to avoid complying with the popular wish, and finally, succumbing to the pressure, announced himself a candidate. And then his worry was about his opponent. He didn't want to beat the poor devil to death, you know. Well, the election came off, and Tom received exactly three votes. There is a moral in this little story that it might not be unprofitable for Dr. Frank to study out.

A Dead Woman Bottled.

Cremation, or the method of burning our bodies after death, created some little stir in this country, but met with very little favor. To place our child, our mother or father into a hot oven, after death, and to stand and gaze at its rapid crisping, burning and conversion into a few ounces of ashes, is, in our estimation, cruel and sinful. Now, ladies, you who are suffering from some female complaint, who have become irregular, or have pains and aches, hysterics, nervousness and general prostration, we advise you to use English Female bitters at once, and claim a new lease upon your lives. It is a wonderful female regulator, and also a quick and a powerful tonic, curing chronic cases in an incredibly short time.

For sale by A. R. Fisher, Cloverport, Ky.

Too Muchee Doctor.

Yung Ling says: "My head achee, my bowel bind fastee, I can eatee nothing, and no longer iron shirtee. I no sleepee, and I makee no monee. The medicine man, the doctor they call him, he come and say open mouthee, puke out tonguee, he feelee my arm, he write on a piece of paper and send it to the medicine shopee. He then chargee me three dollar, ever so much too muchee. I take 'em all, little round fellows, they painee me and I no sleepee. My head still achee, and my bowel bind fastee and I no git well. I send to the medicine shopee one half dollar and get me one bottle Bailee's Saline Aperient. I take a little when it biles up and my head don't achee no more, and my bowel no bindee any more, and I go about my shirtee and make monee again. Too muchee doctor man in this countree.

For sale by A. R. Fisher, Cloverport, Ky.

Wm. P. George, of Brandenburg, was awarded the contract for the brick work on Bowmer & Hambleton's new building.

J. F. SULZER & BRO.,

THE SAFEST PLACE TO BUY BARGAINS!

SOME SPECIAL BARGAINS.

500 pairs Men's Low-Quartered Shoes for $1,25, worth $1.75.
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500 pairs Men's Low-Quartered Shoes for $1,75, worth $2.25.
500 pairs Men's Low-Quarterd Shoes for $2.00, worth $2.50.

NEW OPENING OF MEN'S AND BOY'S STRAW HATS.

JUST RECEIVED—A large lot of Linen and Cotton Summer Clothing—very low prices.

WE have made Special Arrangements with the Manufacturers of Ladies' Fine Custom Shoes, and can furnish the Ladies any Style of Shoe to order on Short Notice.

J. F. SULZER & BRO.

N. B.—We are the Lowest on Meats and Corn Meal. n45-1t

New Advertisements

STRAYED.

From my farm on the head waters of Rock Lick, two miles from Summers Dean's, about the latter part of last April, one roan Cow 6 years old, and heavy with calf when she left home. Any person giving me information of her whereabouts will be liberally rewarded.

n46-tf JOHN D. SEATON.

MRS. MOOK

Is in Louisville, at the corner of First and Market, selling goods for Mrs. Mittler. She is filling orders every day

For Home Custom,

and earnestly solicits the patronage of all her old friends.

No Money Asked For

until you see and examine the goods. Every thing is

New and Stylish.

Leave all orders at Mrs. Hendrickson's, who is carrying on her shop, and all your wants in Millinery shall be supplied. Respectfully,
MRS. H. MOOK,
Cor. First & Market Sts,
n46-4w Louisville, Ky.

ROOT, HOG, OR DIE!

JOE HOGG

Wishes it distinctly understood that he has to make a living for his family, and prefers doing it, as becomes a good Christian, by the sweat of his brow. In order to get a show for his white-alley he invites attention to his

Bottom Prices!

Buggies painted for $5 00
Spring wagons 8 00
Sign-painting and Graining at greatly reduced prices. Shop in rear of Witt & Cooper's Blacksmith shop.
n46-3m J. R. HOGG.

Sewing Machines

REPAIRED. NEEDLES, OIL AND ALL MACHINE FINDINGS FOR SALE. ALL WORK WARRANTED TO GIVE SATISFACTION.
J. W. SUTTON,
n46-tf Hardinsburg, Ky.

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All persons knowing themselves indebted to Witt & Co. will save costs by coming forward and settling their accounts at once. We must close up all accounts as we intend to sell for cash or its equivalent in the future. We call special attention to our stock which is full and complete, and we are offering special inducements to cash buyers.

WITT & CO.

n46-3t

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Splendid Rosewood, 7 octaves, at $160 and Upward.
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Splendid Instruments, with 9 stops, at from $69 50 and Upward.

THESE elegant Pianos and Organs are fully warranted by their makers and myself. The prices given are a little over the cost, and at these prices can be sold only for cash. Catalogues and prices furnished upon application.

Fine Italian violins, with case and bow, at $3 90 and upward. Fine Guitars, with case, at $4 50 and upward. Fine Accordeons, with two sets of reeds, at from $3 45 and upward.

All kinds of Musical Instruments, Music, Music Books, Strings, &c., at lowest wholesale prices, net cash. Any piece of music published in the United States mailed free of postage, and any musical instrument forwarded on receipt of its price. Address
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J. L. MILLER

Has the Aultman & Taylor **Thresher** for sale. It threshes so **Clean** that chickens would **Starve to Death** on the straw stack.

a45-tf

Notice to Pensioners.

All persons drawing a pension, and wishing to apply for arrearages under the new law, can have their papers fixed up correctly, on moderate terms, by calling on the undersigned at his place of business in Cloverport.
n30.tf JNO. C. BABBAGE.

H. KRAFFT,
—WITH—
BERGREEN & CO.,
WHOLESALE FANCY GROCERS,
—AND—
CANDY MANUFACTURERS,
105 MARKET ST., BET. THIRD & FOURTH,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

A Solid Gold Pen,

In a Silver-plated Holder, for $1.00. Fifteen cents extra by mail. Address, F. N. D'HUY & BRO., 173 Wall Street, Cloverport, Ky. ja1-6m

M. Hamman,

Agent for Tell City Woolen Mills.

Will be always ready to take in wool for carding or exchange. PRICE FOR CARDING —6c per lb., grease, 1c per lb.; carding and spinning, 18c per lb. n43-4t

NEW, FAST AND ELEGANT
Passenger Steamer,

Jas. W. Gaff!

ROBT. WISE, Master,
G. W. THOMPSON, Clerk.

WILL sell Round Trip Tickets from all points between Henderson and Louisville to Cincinnati and return, good during the months of May and June, (including stateroom in port,) for SIX DOLLARS.

Cincinnati offers more attractions to visitors these two months than during all others of the year; and wishing to favor excursionists, I make this liberal reduction to any wishing to make the round trip. The NORTH AMERICAN SÆNGERFEST commences June 11; LESTER WALLACK, the Great Tragedian; Madame ANDERSON, the Champion Walker; PAUL BOYTON, the World-renowned Swimmer, will all be there.

The Animals at the Zoological Garden will be in their summer quarters. SHILLITO'S great Dry Goods Palace (the Bazar of American Fashions) will have Spring and Summer Openings until June 15th. And with the "HILL-TOP RESORTS," free to all, the "Paris of America" will be seen when most attractive.

The Gaff carries a Full String Band. A Good Time is promised. Invite your friends, and join us on a trip. Yours respectfully,
n42-2m ROBERT W. WISE.

Sawyer, Wallace & Co.

We are prepared to make Liberal Advances on Tobacco for shipment to the above Firm in New York City. We are also prepared to Factory Dry for Farmers and others, and will guarantee every hogshead to open sweet.

We have a contract for the season on Freights, and will give our patrons the inside track. Should freights decline from our standpoint we can avail of it. Rates shall not exceed 35c per 100 lbs. delivered in the Warehouse in New York City, and may come less.

For the benefit of the trade, we will state that Tobacco is frequently bought and shipped from the Western cities to New York for sale, but is rarely shipped from New York to the West for sale.
P. V. & H. V. DUNCAN.
n40-6m

For Sale.

ONE house and lot, store-house and stock of goods. Splendidly located, and at a good bargain. For terms, apply to
F. LOEB,
37-3m Custer, Breckenridge Co., Ky.

FOR $1.75

We will send a Good Clock, by express, to any address. F. N. D'HUY & BRO., 17 Wall Street, Cloverport, Ky. ja1-6m

Call on J. D. BABBAGE if you want a nice Scarf or Tie, something that will take your girl's eye.

A Priceless Jewel

is health, and if you are without it you can neither beg borrow, buy nor steal it, but you can obtain it by using **Sellers' Liver Pills.** They tone up the Stomach, and keep the bowels in good order by relieving Costiveness and Constipation. They produce a healthy action in the liver, promote digestion, and impart vigor to the whole system. Price 25 cents. R. E. SELLERS & CO., Proprietors, Pittsburgh, Pa. W. B. White, agent, Cloverport, Ky. sealy

SAVE YOUR MONEY!

We are offering Great Bargains to those wishing to purchase
Road Wagons,
Spring Wagons,
Buggies, Plows
Reapers and Mowers
Threshers, Hay Rakes,
Cultivators of all kinds, &c.
Horseshoeing and all kinds of Repairing done in First-class Style, on Short Notice, and Repainting promptly done on Old Work.

FARMERS

Wishing any thing in our line would do well to give us a call before buying elsewhere, and satisfy themselves that our prices are at the bottom.
n35-6m WITT, COOPER & DYER.

ALEXANDER'S HOTEL.
NEW THROUGHOUT.
COR. MARKET AND SEVENTH.
FARE : : : : : : : : : : : : : : : : : : $2 PER DAY.
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.
ALEX. W. JONES, Clerk. JO. B. ALXANDER & CO.,
n35-tf Proprietors.

PLANTERS' MILL,
HARDINSBURG, KENTUCKY,
J. & A. P. HOOK, - - - - - - - Proprietors.
Flour, Meal and Feed kept on hand and for sale at the lowest market rates.
CUSTOM DAYS:
MONDAY AND TUESDAY,
FRIDAY AND SATURDAY.

A FIRST-CLASS SAW MILL.

Lumber of all kinds constantly on hand, as cheap as any body. Tobacco Hogsheads a specialty.

Cash paid for Wheat!

n34-ly

Stoves, Tinware and Guttering!

F. WALTER. JAS. T. SKILLMAN.

WALTER & SKILLMAN,
Dealers in
STOVES, TINWARE AND CASTINGS!
WALL STREET, OPPOSITE BOWMER & HAMBLETON'S,
CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY.

Repairing, Tin Roofing, Guttering, and all kinds of Job Work done promptly and in the best manner. Our prices are guaranteed to be as low as any other house. Please give us a call, and learn our terms.
ja29-ly WALTER & SKILLMAN.

Fever & Ague, Chills & Fever,

NEURALGIA, DYSPEPSIA, BILIOUSNESS, as well as all forms of MALARIAL FEVERS and DISEASES are permanently cured by

Magill's Chill Cure, Tonic and Appetizer.

It does not contain Arsenic, Calomel, Mercury, Quinine, or Injurious Drugs —Don't forget this if you value health. Many medicines now on the market rely on one or more of these poisons or strong drugs, or upon others equally as bad for what little claim they have to merit. At best they only give temporary relief and are liable to permanently injure the system. Magill's Chill Cure, Tonic and Appetizer is positively free from these and every other harmful ingredient and may be given to young children or persons in feeble health without possibility of a shadow of injury being produced. The proprietor holds himself responsible for this statement and pledges himself to the public to guard and protect the absolute purity and great merit of this medicine by personal attention to its manufacture. He receives many letters from persons saying they have been humbugged by worthless medicines. This naturally makes them skeptical and is likely to destroy confidence even in articles of real merit. Hundreds of statements similar to the one given herewith could be published if our space allowed of it. The proprietor refers to thousands who have used this medicine and are advising others to use it as evidences of its merit. From J. Singleton, No. 271 Jefferson Street, Louisville, Ky., March 10, 1879: "I suffered for many years almost constantly with Fever and Ague or Chills, had several doctors, used Quinine and other medicines freely, all failed to cure me, was completely unfitted for work, Magill's Chill Cure, Tonic and Appetizer cured me last August and I have enjoyed perfect health ever since. I gained rapidly in flesh and strength. I believe this medicine possesses most remarkable merit, and in my case it was apparent from the very first dose I used." Price $1.00 per bottle. For sale by druggists and general dealers.

HENRY A. MAGILL, Prop'r, Louisville, Ky.

For sale by A. R. FISHER, Cloverport, Ky.
a39-ly

BUSINESS TAUGHT AS IT IS BEST PRACTICED.

WARR'S BRYANT & STRATTON BUSINESS COLLEGE
No. 50 W. Main St., LOUISVILLE, KY.

ADVANTAGES:
Located in one of the healthiest and most attractive cities in the Union.
A course of study practically illustrating business details by duplicate records from prominent Commercial Houses.
The teachers are not theoretical book worms but experienced business men who have successfully practiced what they teach.
Short, concise but thorough course of study, affording as much available and useful knowledge in three months as could be secured in twelve under the old theoretical routine methods.
Each student receives individual instruction and his progress is neither unduly hastened nor retarded by others.
☞ Students are received by the month, quarter or course, the low rates of tuition placing the great advantages of our school within the reach of all.
Arrangements are made by which those from a distance can secure good board and lodging at very low rates.
The entire expenses of a full business course in this institution including tuition, books and board, need not exceed ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS.
Send us a list of names of young men age from twelve to twenty years and receive our College Journal for one year free.
College Quarterly, giving full particulars sent free to any address.

WARR & BURKS, Prop'rs.

n43ly

SMOKE
THE LA CASTELLANO!
PURE LONG HAVANA FILLER!
A DIME CIGAR
FOR 5 CENTS!
JUST RECEIVED AND FOR SALE BY
J. D. BABBAGE.

BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce Street), where advertising contracts may be made for it in NEW YORK.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4, 1879.

TOBACCO QUOTATIONS.

LOUISVILLE, June 2.

We quote as follows, with the remark that packages not in sound order are about 50c per cental lower:

	Light.	Heavy.
Trash	$2 25@ 2 50	....
Common lugs	3 25@ 3 50	$3 50 @4 00
Med. to g'd lugs	3 50@ 4 00	4 00 @4 50
Common leaf	4 00@ 4 50	4 50 @4 75
Medium leaf	5 25@ 6 00	6 25 @7 00
Fair to good leaf	6 00@ 7 00	7 00 @8 00
Export selections	8 00@10 00	....
Med. to g'd wrappers	10 00@12 50	....
G'd to fine wrap'rs	13 00@15 00	....
F'cy bright wrappers	Nominal.	....

COLORY—The following quotations are for new crop tobacco:

Common lugs	7 00@ 9 00
Good lugs	9 00@11 00
Common to medium leaf	11 00@13 50
Medium to good leaf	13 50@15 00
Good to fine leaf	15 00@17 00
Extra fine leaf	18 00@25 00

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Martha Rhoads, landlady of the Fisher House, is lying quite ill.

Mr. Charlie Weller, of the Falls of Rough, was in town Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. Samuel Thomas, of Hodgensville, is visiting his sister, Mrs. R. R. Pierce.

Mr. Alanson Moremen and Mrs. Ed. Moremen, of Hardinsburg, were in the city last Friday.

Mrs. Ellen F. Moorman, of Cairo, Ill., is the guest of her brother-in-law, Mr. J. H. Moorman.

Mr. James H. McNabb left last Monday evening to complete a fine residence a few miles from Hardinsburg.

Miss Lida Dewcese, of Short Creek, Grayson county, who has been visiting relatives here for the past month returned home yesterday morning.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

If rust don't bounce the wheat now.

A three-cent rise in the river last week.

The rains of last week made vegetation whoop up.

Criminal court convened at Hardinsburg last Monday.

Preaching at the Elm street M.E.Church Sunday night.

Lots of heavy clouds, thunder and lightning, these days.

The Sewing Society meets at the Parsonage this evening.

Not as much chills around as usual at this time of year.

A grand barbecue near the Falls of Rough on the 14th.

Cut-worms and moles are unusually destructive this season.

J. A. Witt & Co. will pay the highest cash price for wool and ginseng.

Heavy rains Saturday night and Sunday made the earth a little too damp for plowing.

June came in wearing the cast-off mantle of November—cold, damp, dreary and foggy.

In the Grayson criminal court which adjourned Saturday, Atwood, charged with murder, was convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary for life.

The County Board of Health meets at Hardinsburg to-day to consult about the proper method of enforcing cleanliness throughout the county.

Monday was the first day of criminal court. Very few people were in attendance, the day being too good a "season" for setting out tobacco plants.

The Atwood case occupied the Grayson criminal court every day of last week, and the Craig (charged with the murder of Overton) case was not reached.

A small black insect, known as the weed flea, and closely resembling its lively cousin whose mission seems to provoke profanity among church people, is making lace-work of potato leaves hereabouts.

A flue of the engine at the Star Flouring Mills bursted yesterday morning about half past nine o'clock, permitting the steam to escape in great volumes, which caused a false alarm of fire to stir the town.

Reports come to us that a very large crop of tobacco will be planted in the county this season. Corn and wheat are looking well, but the oats crop will be short. The farmers generally are in very good spirits.

Mr. Wm. K. Withers, one of the leading farmers of this county, finished setting a large crop of tobacco last week. Huse DeHaven, Samuel Black and others in his neighborhood, have also made a good planting.

There will be a moonlight lawn party at Mrs. Brashear's, next Friday night, under the auspices of the Sewing Society. Admission free, and everybody invited to come. Cake and ices will be served to every one disposed to assist the Society in its object.

Mr. F. Walter returned home Sunday morning from a trip up to Ohio. He was delighted with his visit, and is willing to take his Bible oath that there are nearly as many pretty women in that State as there are in Cloverport. Indeed, we don't think, from his conversation, that he saw any thing else.

The following gentlemen compose the Grand Jury now in session at Hardinsburg: John B. Jolly, Foreman; John R. Bland, T. S. Frymire, Wm. McGary, Fielding Guthrie, Isaac Mingus, N. P. Bell, Lary T. Keenan, Wm. K. Withers, R. W. Cox, Thos. Hall, Wm. Bell, James Brickey, Ephraim Gray, Geo. E. Chick, and Jones D. Wilson.

George Chinn, who was convicted of horse-stealing in the Ohio county circuit court, in 1876, and sentenced to the penitentiary, and whose term expired but a short time ago, was arrested at Vine Grove the other day with a portion of the goods taken from Ferguson's store in his possession. He claims to belong to a regular gang of burglars and thieves, and is anxious to turn State's evidence against his pals if he is assured of immunity from punishment. He was taken to Hartford and jailed.

The Dixon Shooting.

The case of E. L. Price, for shooting Dr. Ellis Haynes, at Dixon, mention of which was made in these columns, was tried in the Webster circuit court on May 24. Two indictments were returned by the grand jury—one for carrying concealed a deadly weapon, and the other for shooting with intent to kill. The commonwealth was misrepresented by John W. Lockett, prosecuting attorney, and F. M. Hutchison, county attorney, while accused was ably defended by Messrs. C. W. Cook, C. G. Hughes, and M. C. Givens, three of the best attorneys in Western Kentucky. Price, who is a rich man, objected to being tried under an indictment which, if convicted, would necessitate a sojourn in prison if not a term in the penitentiary, and through his attorneys, suggested that the first-mentioned indictment be returned to the grand jury with instructions from the commonwealth's attorney that it be amended so as to read "shooting in sudden heat and passion." That gentleman gladly acceded to the modest request, and the indictment was amended to suit the accused. On the indictment dictated by himself—or, rather, by his attorneys for him—he was tried and fined $50. He was granted a continuance on the second indictment, which was simply trampling the law against carrying concealed weapons under foot. The defense, having published in all the neighboring papers that circulated in Webster county that Haynes had frequently threatened Price's life signally failed to prove that such was the fact. On the contrary, it was shown by the testimony that the ill-feeling between the parties originated at the county Congressional convention in 1876; since that time Haynes had sent several friends to Price with apologies for his share in the difficulty, expressing a desire to drop all hard feelings thereby engendered between them, overtures which Price angrily rejected; that the only threat Haynes had ever been heard to utter, was, after being told of some irritating remark made about him by Price, "If he don't let me alone I will give him a whipping." Is it any wonder that crime is so rampant in the State when the officers elected to enforce the laws and thus eradicate it, or, at least, intimidate those prone to commit it, in this manner lend themselves to the evasion of the just penalty of evil deeds? Had Price been a poor man, he never would have been treated with such distinguished consideration as was shown him by the change in his indictment, and in all probability would have been consigned to the penitentiary for his cowardly and vicious attempt to murder an unarmed citizen.

An Agent in Trouble.

Tuesday morning a young man, giving the name of Bailey T. Sutton, representing himself to be an agent for Capt. Hall, of Owensboro, arrived at Hardinsburg with three buggies and a lot of watches, all of which he offered for sale. Being without peddler's license, he was arrested and tried before Judge Board, of the county court, for violation of the statute in such cases made and provided. The young man—and he is exceedingly young—plead ignorance of the law, but claimed to be acting under a State license owned and held by Capt. Hall. Unfortunately, however, the latter did not arm him with the license when he sent him forth to sell, and that portion of his plea availed him nothing. The law beneficently provides that where ignorance exists wisdom must be bought and paid for—in order to squelch ignorance in the commonwealth—and Judge Board consequently gave him a first lesson in wisdom, for which he charged him $100 lawful currency of the realm. The young man evidently thought Board's school was high-priced, or the lessons disagreed with his appetite for learning, so bright and early Wednesday morning, when the drowsy day was beginning to yawn and rub its eyes preparatory to waking up, he folded his buggies like the circus caravan and silently stole away in the direction of Owensboro.

Temperance Lectures.

Rev. T. G. Fallen, D.G.W.C.T. of the I. O.G.T., will lecture on temperance at Hite's Run Church, June 10, at night; at Cloverport, in Methodist Church, June 11th, at night; at Holt's Bottom Church, June 12, at night; at Mt. Vernon Church, Hancock county, June 13, at night.

Bro. Fallen is an able and eloquent minister, an earnest and enthusiastic worker in the temperance cause, and we can promise our friends at each point named above that they will be richly repaid for attending his appointments. We hope that he will inaugurate a revival in the good cause that will eventuate in driving the liquor traffic from our county.

Mr. Pierce Declines to Run for School Trustee.

The citizens of this School District will appreciate the circumstances which render it necessary for me to decline being again considered a candidate for School Trustee, and select some one else in my place.

R.R.PIERCE.

CLOVERPORT, KY., May 31, 1879.

Killed by Lightning.

During the terrific thunder-storm of Monday afternoon of last week, Mr. A. J. Gross, living in Holt's Bottom, had six head of fine thoroughbred cattle, valued at $1,000, killed by lightning.

At a negro dance on the Soper plantation in Henderson county, one night last week, Jim Scott was shot and killed by Jack Payne. Scott's offence was wanting his wife to go home at midnight. The woman was Payne's partner in a set, and the latter seem determined to make that particular set last until daylight, if possible. Scott at last lost patience, and seizing his wife by the arm pulled her from the floor and out of the house, and started home with her. Payne followed them for some distance, abusing Scott outrageously. The latter turned at last, with the remark that if he (Payne) did have a pistol he should not abuse him any more, and made a rush at him. Payne drew his weapon and fired, the ball taking effect in or near the heart. Scott fell in the road and instantly expired. The murderer made his escape, and had not been captured when the packet left Henderson yesterday morning.

A very large and complete stock of dry goods, groceries, and drugs, at Beard & Beeler's, Hardinsburg.

LEITCHFIELD.

Court still in session. The Atwood case will be decided this week.

If there are no bar-rooms in town, please tell us where so much whisky comes from?

Mr. M. J. Cunningham has concluded to give himself another year to decide the all important subject of matrimony, and rented his house to F. T. Heyser, who will take possession this week.

Prof C. T. Atkinson seems rather quiet since his return from the quarterly meeting. "There is always a calm after a storm."

"Mr. C——, I hope you will not think hard of me for not going with you to prayer-meeting. I waited for you nearly an hour and—" "Miss L——, I knew I was late, but—but—"

Most any one can easily account for Mr. Brown's having such a sad face of late. Miss Julia is going to move away. They took their last stroll Sunday afternoon to the graveyard, where they seated themselves upon a rail and talked over old times. Eddie, humble thyself.

Mr. J——, you should always sit in front of Miss C——. "'Tis sad to have her beautiful face so tanned, but sadder still for her to have that dreadful 'crick' in her neck. Mr. G——, put the umbrella down!"

Perhaps if *one* of our town boys had gone to the strawberry dinner, he would have saved Miss Mollie that almost fatal fall. Oh! Charlie, where art thou?

The "hop" at the Heyser House has come off at last. Quite a large attendance, but a little different from any we have ever attended. It was a "Mite"—y hop.

Mr. Claggett, who lives twelve miles in the country, gave a strawberry dinner last Sunday, and invited all the young people in town. Three wagons and three buggies left town bright and early Sunday morning for Mr. C's. After they arrived and had seated themselves, Mr. Claggett came in and was introduced to the crowd by Mr. Cunningham, who is a little inclined to flattery, and told him that they were the best looking crowd in Leitchfield. Mr. C. said if *that* was the best looking crowd he would hate to see the worst. I expect he was thinking about the "gander" scrape just then. So Cunningham and Cubbage took seats in the corner and longed for some "sugar" for Misses Pallie and Mettie instead of strawberries.

EVA.

Beard & Beeler, Hardinsburg, is the place to get bargains.

OWENSBORO GOSSIP.

I-scream!

It's red-hot.

Where's the North pole?

Helen D'Este has "went."

Sickness increasing—doctors happy.

Seed-ticks and dewberries are coming.

Grand display by the Waterworks on the 28th.

Beware of "kowkumbers and kramp kolic."

Strawberries are coming in pretty lively, and retail readily at 50 cents per gallon.

Who said "Gypsy" was laid up with the "rheumaticks?"

Of late there is a great deal of improvement in the way of whitewashing and painting.

Where's the "Sweet Singer of Kentucky?"—our Zeke—I like him.

T. I. Monarch has erected a telephone that connects his distillery, at Grissom's Landing, with Owensboro.

It ain't a bit funny to have a mosquito with a bill on each end, (and a brick under each wing) plant himself right on the end of your nose, and go to work while you are making up bread. Are it, "Kepsy?"

Look out for sunstroke and—bedbugs.

The reign of the watermelon draweth near—those that are shipped up from the South.

"Lemon Sugar," you keep shady, or you'll get squeezed, sure—if I have to do it myself.

I was walking about on the river bank Sunday, thinking about Ezekiel and Kitty, when I came to a pleasant little grove, and being somewhat fatigued, I cast myself down beneath a wide-spreading elm to indulge in a good, quiet rest. In a few minutes I began to feel drowsy and was just upon the point of going to sleep when I heard a smothered "He! he! he!" and glancing over to my right, I perceived a handsome young widow and a real sweet little rosebud of beauty, whom I judged to be about sixteen. It's not right to eavesdrop any person, that I admit, but I was so tired, actually exhausted, that I could do nothing but remain quiet and listen. The widow casually remarked to her friend: "Em, how are you and Tom making it now?" "Oh, hush!" said Em; "it makes me hot as pepper just to hear his name." "Why, you don't say so!" exclaimed the widow. "Indeed I do. He just pranced me about all over Owensboro last night; in fact, he almost caused me to walk my legs off; he never spoke half-a-dozen words to me from the time we left the house until we returned again." "Why, bless me, he's awful bashful, ain't he? and a preacher's son, too. I wouldn't have believed it if you hadn't told me so, indeed I wouldn't," said the widow. "Yes," Miss Em. rattled away, "and I asked him if he liked soda-water, and added that I never was so thirsty in my life, and remarked that I was very fond of strawberries and ice-cream, etc., and——" "Didn't he take the hint?" broke in the widow. "Yes—in a horn," irreverently remarked the young lady. "He treated me for all the world as if I were some old married cow with seven or eight children. If he comes to our house again he will get scalded, and I'm going to——" Just then the roving eyes of the lady caught sight of your humble servant, which caused her to immediately bottle all further information in regard to the man that caused her to get "hot as pepper." The man that marries that woman—God pity him—will be baldheaded in a week—if he fails to take a hint.

Helen D'Este, on last Saturday night, closed her engagement at Mendelssohn Hall. She had pretty fair houses during the first of the week, and on Thursday and Friday nights she was greeted by excellent audiences. In the drama entitled "Di-verce," Helen D'Este, as Florence Grantly, was bright, sparkling and fascinating throughout the entire play. Harry Grantly (F. M. Cottrill,) presents a fine, manly appearance upon the stage, and played the leading part with a dash and vim that bespeaks for him a warm welcome whenever he appears in Owensboro again. Uncle Burdette (Frank Moulford,) did well, and M. T. Muggs, the "busted" showman, (E. E. Heyser,) kept the audience in a continual roar.

BEN FLUTE.

PRINCE OF WALES.

The farmers are all happy now. They had a good rain, and have planted a great deal of tobacco.

Rev. T. G. Fallen will deliver a temperance lecture to-night (May 27) at Pleasant Grove. We hope he will revive the Good Templars Lodge, for, if there is anything we have less use for than another, it is whisky.

Mr. Thomas Robinson and daughter passed through this place this week on their way to the village of Hardinsburg.

Nothing has transpired in this section lately worthy of notice, so I guess I will close by squealing: Hurrah for Pierce!

OBSERVER.

BEWLEYVILLE.

Business brisk.

Yes, Virge, *do* accept "By George's" invitation.

Miss Sue Beard, of Big Spring, is visiting our town, the guest of Miss Ada Drury.

Indeed, the Murphys haven't "played out." We intend to keep both organizations alive.

Miss Lucy, mourning is very becoming, but did you notice that item in the column of "Wit and Jest" last week?

Guess we know that Jolly has a new clerk; we go there often. He sells cream of tartar, Oh, so cheap!

Mr. Chas. Pumphrey and his sister, Miss Emma, of Mt. Zion, paid our neighborhood a flying visit last week. Miss Emma says she was "Zeke struck!" She is not the only girl thus afflicted. It seems to be a prevalent disease.

Cousin "Ben Flute," we have set you down as a "rattler." Please tell us something about the Owensboro boys next, we don't care to hear about the girls every time.

Ezekiel, hurry up with those verses on us girls. We feel honored to have you think enough of us to write poetry on us.

Where were all of our boys last Sunday? Guess Charlie D—— was visiting the "Salt Well," Zach went to hunt for "Nancy Ann," and Charlie H——, well, we really do want to know where he was.

Minnie, is it possible that you are after "Ezekiel," too? Now you just hold on, one string is as much as you can manage at a time.

"Eva," we are not trying to find out who you are, but we want to tell you that we have a sweetheart up here for you; he is a brother of our poet, and can just "knock the socks off" of any of our boys; the most admirable feature in the case is, that he is the best cook our vicinity can boast of, and he keeps bachelor's hall. "Set your cap" for him. By the way, Eva, you go slow on the "Duck Pond," he's our sweetheart.

If "Lemon Sugar" (Uncle Amos) don't go slow, he'll get cayenne pepper blown in his eyes. He always did see and hear too much.

Don't forget the big Murphy meeting the second Saturday night in June.

Come one, come all. Mr. Ben R—— is to make a speech! We suppose it will be on "Genuine B'ar's Oil."

Every one should subscribe *at once* for the NEWS. It's just splendid.

Ta-ta, POLLY HOPKINS.

The National Complaint.

Dyspepsia is the national complaint. Almost every other man or woman you meet has it, and the result is that the number of pseudo-remedies for it is as numerous as Pharaoh's host. They are for the most part worthless. There is, however, a searching eradicant of this distressing and obdurate malady, one whose genuine merits long since raised it to a foremost place among the staple medicines of America. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters extirpates dyspepsia with greater certainty and promptitude than any known remedy, and is a most genial invigorant, appetizer and aid to secretion. These are not empty assertions, as thousands of our countrymen and women who have experienced its effects are aware, but are backed up by irrefragable proofs repeatedly laid before the public. The Bitters also promote a regular habit of body and give a healthful stimulus to the urinary organs.

How They Do It in Owensboro.

The handsome Owensboro "Romeo" goeth forth with his guitar to seek his young and lovely "Juliet"

"In the lone, stilly hour of night, love."

Just about the time the old man begins to loosen his hold upon the stern realities of this busy world of wickedness, and drift out into the mystic valley of dreams, the gay troubadour whoopeth wildly forth upon the midnight air,

"Listen, while I touch my guitar."

But, unfortunately for "Romeo," the ears of the watch-dog are more sensitive than those of "Juliet," and he promptly responds to the touching appeal by sneaking up slyly in "Romeo's" rear (which, in the excitement of the moment is left unguarded,) and, seizing him about nine inches below the small of the back, with such sudden and unexpected vengeance that the aforesaid "Romeo" drops his instrument of torture and seeketh safety in a friendly tree near by, just in time to hear "Juliet's" plaintive query, "Where art thou, Romeo?" tremulously quiver forth upon the night air, accompanied by a hoarsely growled anathema from the old man that elicits a howl of joy from Towser, who reposes at the foot of the tree, thus effectually cutting off "Romeo's" retreat. And the brooding silence of the tomb falls upon the sleeping household, while "Romeo" settles himself in the fork of the tree, and calmly awaits the return of day; and, perchance, "Juliet" returns to her downy couch, mayhap to dream, but it's more than likely

She sweetly snores the happy hours away!

BEN FLUTE.

Day's Ague Tonic

Is creating quite a furor among the chill-suffering people. Being rather a new innovation, and claiming advantages heretofore deemed impossible, and making such rapid and permanent cures, causes the people to talk about it. It contains no quinine, arsenic, mercury or other deleterious drug of any kind. Does not produce buzzing or roaring of the head which follow the use of quinine. It cleanses and tones the stomach, arouses the liver and operates finely upon the bowels, without the use of other medicine. Its action is prompt and its cures are permanent, and chronic cases that have resisted all other medicines are cured at once by the use of Day's Ague Tonic. Its pleasantness renders it a favorite among women and children.

For sale by A. R. Fisher, Cloverport, Ky.

"Whither are you bound? said John Moore, as he stood in the door-way of his establishment, and saw his old friend Sam Rogers walking slowly past. The latter, with sunken eyes and pallid visage, bearing evidences of disease, hastened to reply. "I have long suffered all the horrors arising from an inactive liver, and am going to the office of Dr. Slow to seek relief." "Do no such thing," said his friend, "when you can buy a bottle of Portaline, or Tabler's Liver Regulator, for only 50 cents, and be permanently relieved. It will cure Dyspepsia, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Sick Headache, and all disorders of a torpid liver." For sale by A. R. Fisher, Cloverport, and Dr. J. M. Taylor, Hardinsburg, Ky.

When the hand of disease is laid heavily upon us, robbing life of all its pleasures anything that will afford relief is gladly welcomed. Sickness is no light affliction, and that form of it known as Piles, or Hemorrholds, can be permanently relieved by Tabler's Buckeye Pile Ointment, which never fails when used according to directions. Price 50 cents a bottle. For sale by A. R. Fisher, Cloverport, and Dr. J. M. Taylor, Hardinsburg, Ky.

Letters remaining in the postoffice June 1, 1879. If not taken out in one month, will be sent to the dead letter office.

Miss Sarah Amen; Mrs. Martha Allen; Miss Emma E. Ald; Miss Margaret Brady; H. B. Blair; John Cambel; Wm. F. Casteel; Mrs. Columbia Carter; Patsey Deen; Susan Davis; Marion Deen; C. J. Eerard; Miss Rebecky Frasure; John Gegen; Uriah Green; Mrs. Ann Johnson; Henry O. Johnson; H. C. Moorman; R. B. Miskell; Peter Meehan; Henry Miller; Mrs. Mary E. Marrin; Mrs. Mary E. Milner; John Monarch; Mrs. Robt. McGaveck; D. McNemar; Calvin Pleasant; Joel E. Payne; Andy Quick; Silas Taylor; Robt. Therman; Jas. R. Wells; Mrs. Mary West; G. W. Whitehead.

J. C. HEIST, P.M.

DIED.—Little Jimmie Henderson, son of Peyton J. and Nennie Henderson, died on Saturday, May 24, and was buried on Sunday, the 25th. He was in the twelfth year of his age, a kind and obedient little boy. And the parents who so much mourn the loss of their bright and beloved child, to them is extended the sympathies of a host of friends. May God in his infinite mercy send the blessings of consolation to his father and mother in this their time of trouble.

E.

Buy the Champion Mowing and Reaping Machine from J. L. Miller. He sells them cheaper than they were ever sold before.
n45-tf

Witt & Co. pay the highest cash price for Wool and Ginseng. 3t

Wanted Wool and Ginseng at Witt & Co.'s. 3t

You can buy a 2-horse Cultivator of J. L. Miller for $12.50, warranted to run well.
n45-tf

J. L. Miller sells more work than all the balance in this county. He makes good work, and sells cheaper than anybody else.
n45-tf.

It Never Fails to Cure.

[Copy.]

GLASGOW, KY., April 2, 1879.

R. A. ROBINSON & Co., Louisville, Ky.—GENTLEMEN—My daughter, ten years old, contracted the Chills in Breckenridge county, and suffered from them more than a year, all medical attention and medicine being of no avail. She was perfectly cured by the use of HYNES' TONIC.

I have since recommended the Tonic to others, and it has not failed in a single instance to establish a cure. One of our best physicians is using it in his practice, and he has told me that it has never failed in his hands to cure the Chills.

I have heard of a child, a little over four years old, which had Chills for *three* years, with no hope of recovery, being under treatment of a physician most of the time. The Tonic has made a perfect cure, and the child is now rosy and well. Respectfully,

[Signed] E. PETRI.

no40-3m

COAL.

Pittsburgh Lump, delivered, 18 cents.
Pittsburgh Nut, delivered, 16 cents.
Country wagons one cent less.
All coal must be paid for when ordered.

no35-tf F. M. DOUGHERTY.

New Advertisements

A Grave Robber Caught.

The most successful grave robber of the day is DR. LINDSEY. By means of his **Blood Searcher** he has robbed the grave of scores who were dying of Scrofula, Consumption; Rheumatism, Mercurial disease, Cancerous formations, Tumors, Erysipelas, Jaundice, Fever and Ague, and General Debility. The blood is the life, and **Dr. Lindsey's Blood Searcher** is the great life preserver. G. H. Hubbard, Hampden, O., says: "Cleveland physicians declared my wife dying of consumption. By the use of **Dr. Lindsey's Blood Searcher** she was restored to health." J. F. Brooks, Painesville, O., says: "My son was afflicted with scrofula of the worst form, and pronounced incurable by several physicians. His life was saved by the use of **Dr. Lindsey's Blood Searcher.** A Tumor growing on my head was completely cured by the use of **Dr. Lindsey's Blood Searcher.** S. Sarver, Pittsburgh.

Boils, Pimples on face, Salt Rheum, Old Sores, and all cutaneous Eruptions disappear like magic when the **Blood Searcher** is used. See that our name is on the bottom of the wrapper. For sale by all Druggists. R. E. SELLERS & CO., Proprietors, Pittsburgh, Pa. W. B. White, agent, Cloverport, Ky.

sotly

F. FRAIZE. JAS. MILLER.

SPRING SEASON OF 1879!

THE OLD RELIABLE HOUSE OF

FRAIZE & MILLER

CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY.

OUR MOTTO:

RELIABLE GOODS AT LIVING PRICES!

STOCK COMPLETE IN EVERY DEPARTMENT!

RELIABLE Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Fancy Notions and Trimmings.

RELIABLE Men's and Boys' Hats, Fur, Wool and Chip. A Large Importation.

RELIABLE Men's, Women and Children's Custom-Made Boots and Shoes.

RELIABLE Java, Cordova, and Rio Coffees, N. O. Sugars and Molasses.

RELIABLE Hardware, Glassware, Queensware, Woodenware, Stoneware, Etc.

GOOD Bacon and Lard, Flour, Meal and Salt.

n41-3m FRAIZE & MILLER.

New Goods! New Styles! New Prices!

Come, as the winds come, when forests are rended,
Come, as the waves come, when navies are stranded.

And See

HENRY L. DAMM'S

NEW

FURNITURE STORE & CABINET SHOP.

STEPHENSPORT, KY.

A full and complete assortment of Furniture, Chairs, Mattresses, Hatracks, Towelracks, Brackets, Lookingglasses, Baby Buggies, Pictures, Picture-Frames, Chromos, Mottoes, etc., found in a first-class Furniture Store.

Parlor, Bedroom, Diningroom, Kitchen, and Office Furniture in sets or single pieces, or made to order. Sash, Doors, Blinds, Glass of all kinds and sizes, and every thing that is needed to build a house.

Church and Schoolhouse Furniture furnished on short notice.

A good stock of COFFINS and BURIAL CASES always on hand.

All kinds of Repairing, Refitting, and Revarnishing done in the best possible manner.

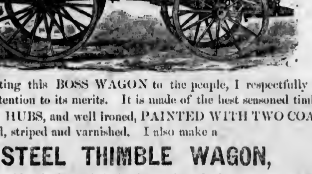
Having for several years worked at the bench in various furniture factories, my large experience guarantees satisfaction.

Country Produce taken in Exchange.

HENRY L. DAMM.

no37-1y

THE "BOSS" WAGON!



In presenting this BOSS WAGON to the people, I respectfully call your attention to its merits. It is made of the best seasoned timber, LOCUST HUBS, and well ironed, PAINTED WITH TWO COATS of red lead, striped and varnished. I also make a

STEEL THIMBLE WAGON,

which I consider the best skein in the world. I also warrant my wagons for twelve months against all breakages from defective workmanship.

SPRING WAGONS and BUGGIES for sale and made to order.

Dealer in all kinds of PLOWS, MOWERS, and THRESHING MACHINES. Send for Special Prices. Address orders to

n36tf J. L. MILLER.

READ WHAT HE SAYS!

W. H. RICHARDSON, JR.

THE OLD RELIABLE DRUG STORE

Has the Largest, the Finest and Oldest lot of WHISKY and BRANDY of any House in the County and for LESS money than can be bought elsewhere. KENTUCKY SOUR-MASH WHISKY, two years past, $1.75 per gallon; APPLE BRANDY, made in this county, three years past, $2 per gallon. Older GOODS in same proportion, WINDOW GLASS of all Sizes. Sash Primed and Glazed. FULL LINE OF PAINTS AND OILS. Finest lot of CONFECTIONARIES in the Town of

BRANDENBURG, KY.

BEST BRANDS OF CIGARS AND TOBACCOS.

dec11-tf W. H. RICHARDSON, Jr.

Breckenridge County Good Templars Convention.

In accordance with an agreed time, the I. O. G. T. of Breckenridge county met in convention on May 17, 1879, at Stephensport, and after exchanging the usual greetings of the day, the house was called to order by Bro. E. G. S. Burdette, and, on motion, Bro. Clifford Moorman was called to the chair, and J. C. Brashear to the secretary's desk, by a unanimous vote of the convention.

After a few encouraging and wholesome remarks by Bros. G. W. Beard, J. B. Biggs and E. G. S. Burdette, on the good of the order, the following lodges were represented and reported as in fine working order, containing about three hundred and fifty members: Hardinsburg, by G. W. Beard; Hita's Run, by E. G. S. Burdette; Union Star, by Jas. B. Biggs; Hazel Dell, by Bro. Hanks; Stephensport, by J. C. Brashear. Bros. F. P. Purcell and Milt. Board, not being members of Cloverport and Bewleyville lodges, were permitted to give in favorable reports.

Bro. Beard gave a very encouraging report of the district convention recently held in Daviess county. Eighteen lodges were represented, with a membership of about one thousand.

After a very warm and entertaining discussion for and against, on motion, the following resolution was rejected:

Resolved, That hereafter, we, as a convention, transact all the business of the convention with closed doors.

The following resolutions were offered, all of which were unanimously adopted.

Resolved, That we recommend and expect each member to vote for Local Option whenever opportunity offers itself.

Resolved, That a committee of three, J. C. Brashear, G. W. Beard and E. G. S. Burdette, be appointed from this convention, by the chair, to solicit a column of THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS for general temperance items of the order in the county.

Resolved, That we tender our thanks to the good people of Stephensport for the hospitality and kind manner in which they have entertained the delegates composing this convention.

Resolved, That the proceedings of this convention be published in the Good Templars Advocate and THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

Resolved, That our G. W. C. Templar, or one of his associates, be requested to meet with us at our next convention.

After some spirited and highly interesting speeches by Bros. Purcell and Board, nominations of a place for holding the next meeting was put before the house, and Hazel Dell was unanimously chosen with which to hold our next convention, on Saturday before the third Sunday in August, 1879.

CLIFFORD MOORMAN, Chm'n.
J. C. BRASHEAR, Sec.

LEITCHFIELD.

Court this week. Business splendid.

Chick & Dent are without a clerk. No one need apply except boys with good habits.

Hon. J. Allen Murray, from Cloverport, is in town fixing to send some one to jail. The Judge will give you all time to fix a bed.

You may know there is croquet on hand, when you hear Mr. Eddie Brown's tenor and Miss Lillie Heyser's alto ringing in your ears, softly.

The style is now for a gentleman to make an engagement with a lady one week before calling, especially when there are two or three Charlies on hand. There are more than one that think Charlie is a sweet name.

Miss Chattie Cunningham was married one week ago to Mr. Joe Rodgers, of Tennessee. They left same evening for their future home, to try the realities of a new life. Miss Chattie has the best wishes of her many friends in Leitchfield. She is a pure, sweet girl, and deserves a happy life Gentlemen, she is not yet too far distant to be admired, but too far off to be possessed. Miss Bettie DeHaven left with the bridal party, and will remain two weeks in Louisville, (for what purpose we know not), then home to remain, perhaps, but a short time.

We learn that the Literary Society is still improving. It was very much enjoyed Tuesday night by those who were honored with an invitation. It was hard to tell which one of the J's Miss Cora's beautiful little poem was intended for. Mr. Baxter's composition, "Pleasures of the Imagination," was splendid—couldn't have been otherwise, when his "pleasant imagination" run out so true and warm after one of the ladies present. The debate was indeed amusing. Messrs. Baxter and Claggett in the affirmative, Prof. Adkinson and Miss Minnie Graham in the negative, (subject, Resolved, that women gossip more than men.) Mr. Baxter, I think, got a little off of his subject when he read from the Bible that "woman was given to flattery," that her mouth was as "sweet as honey-comb," her "tongue well oiled," etc. He would think it was well oiled if he would get her mad once. I guess he would find a difference between that and "gossip." Miss Minnie and the Professor defended the ladies so nobly and so beautifully that we feel wholly incapable of paying them the compliment they deserve, so close by wishing their Society and the NEWS much success. EVA.

HITE'S RUN.

Weather warm.

Wheat and oats look well.

Oh! if that little Star could talk.

Plenty of apples, but no peaches.

Corn is not coming up worth a cent.

Tattlers and ticks are plentiful; both are tormenting.

Be careful, Lucy, you and Alice, and don't get such a large bouquet next time.

Misses Belle Adkisson, Alice Hawkins and Lucy Beavin were initiated into the I. O.G.T. on the evening of the 17th.

Look here, Miss Violet, what Zeke is it you are continually shooting your mouth off at? If it is this one, he is beginning to get aggrafratted about it.

Miss Rebecca Frasier is quite ill, at her brother's, Mr. G. W. Frasier, of this community.

This world would be much more pleasant if everybody would attend to their own business and not bother other people's.

Little Allie Hawkins, of Stephensport, is visiting the family of Mr. W. H. Hawkins, of this place. Yes, and she is sweet, too.

Our Sabbath School on last Sunday was filled with emotion and sympathy by listening to the following essays: "The Little Orphan," by Miss Rosie Burdette; "The Power of a Sweet Voice," by Miss Lucy Beavin; "Alone, Yet, not Alone," by Miss Belle Adkisson; "Only Waiting," by Miss Alice Hawkins.

There are many things we see
We don't often mention,
But the latest one we've noticed
Was at the Stephensport convention.

WAVY.

McDANIEL'S.

Not dead yet.

Ho! for Leadville.

Fine rain last week.

Have you had measles?

Corn is not coming up well.

The Colorado bug is here again.

Measles are thick in the Forks—none in town yet.

You Owensboro chap, play us another tune on that Flute. Good music.

Say! our Beard is growing again—Piercing through. We can Pull-'em now.

Some improvements going on in the village. We will have a place on the maps yet.

We hear the old cry of "no tobacco plants." Just wait a "leetle." You can't kill the things.

Everybody and his uncle have been fishing for the last week, and caught a three-inch sucker and one little chub.

Hey! you P.O.R. Doctor. Send us some more "tree 'lasses." Our cold is as bad as it can be, and getting wusser. Shake twice.

Times are not getting much better here. Tobacco is at a stand still. We look for better things soon. Rev. Henry Ward Beecher says that a man who can not live on bread and water, and be happy with his wife and children, is no man at all. It is easy to talk, when you are pastor of a silk church, with $20,000 a year salary, where a poor bread and water fellow never goes. Let him try it, and his old hypocritical face will soon lose its bloat. The D—l take all such preachers.

John H. McDaniel, a highly respected citizen of our town, died ten days ago. He was an old settler here, and for several years was a leading merchant, "McDaniel's Store" being a household name. Like all other men, he had his faults, but he was a kind neighbor, and more than one outside of the family will sadly miss "Uncle John."

There's a vacant chair beside the hearth to-day,
A loved one gone we'll see no more,
'Till from this earth we are called away,
To meet on that eternal shore.

C.A.S.

LOST RUN.

The tobacco plants are nearly all destroyed by the flies.

Wheat looks well, and if nothing happens we will have a good crop.

I heard a girl say that Gid. Horsely was as sweet as a candy peach.

Wilson and Pool have gone to Louisville. K. B—— says hurry back, Bob.

Snee and Biddy will marry when the folks won't be thinking about it.

I think that Germantown is a place of function, and has the best girls in ten States.

I think L. C.'s mamma had better keep him at Hudsonville. He rides too fine a horse.

Eliza is going to have a Payne—if it isn't a misery—and Ellen has got Mr. Terry for her beau

Mr. Lem. Payne's wife's and daughter's funerals will be preached at Lost Run the first Sunday in June, by Brother Brickharman.

A. D—— says that if they don't stop calling her "Mrs. Myer," she will take the widower, and then they won't any of them get him. I wish you success, Miss A.

Brother Godby preached at Germantown last Sunday, and everybody behaved well—but three boys thought that he was too hard on them, and they left and went home.

I saw in the last NEWS that G. T—— lacked one scholar of getting her school. She lacks more than that of having scholars enough to teach school. She is a daisy, ain't she Bob?

Addie says that her old sweetheart is the best, if he is gone. Come back, N. C. W—, she likes you the best yet. She says that he is the best one of that name. You bet she speaks well of him. I heard a fellow say that he wished N. C—— never would come back, and may-be he could get Addie for a sweetheart. I doubt it.

Mr. Myer, if you come to see Miss A—— any more, I will break your neck and N. C—— will break your back.

Go along home, Liza Jane,
I will meet you on the other train;
She hugged me and she kissed me, she slapped her hands and cried,
That I was the prettiest man that ever lived or died.

MODEST BILL.

PISGAH SCHOOL HOUSE.

The farmers are very busy planting corn and preparing their tobacco ground, but I don't think there will be much tobacco raised this season.

We have a nice prospect for apples, and Mr. Dow Pate said he thinks he will have peaches to can and to sell, for he had one bloom.

Mr. Alexander Robbins and wife (formerly Melissa J. Pate), of Hawesville, paid a visit to their old home last week.

Why is it that the young men of Breckenridge visit Hawesville so often this spring? I reckon it is because Miss L. and Miss A. live there. That's right, boys, go again.

Mr. W. F. looks quite sad and lonely since he paid the last visit to Mount Vernon church with his sweetheart. W. F., why don't you visit Cloverport as often as you did Cannon Hill?

I wish the NEWS the greatest success.

LONE AND ANGRY.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison, the notorious abolitionist, is dead.

THE BEST WAGON ON WHEELS!

IS MANUFACTURED BY

FISH BROS. & CO.

RACINE, WISCONSIN.

We Make Every Variety of

FARM, FREIGHT, AND SPRING WAGONS!

And by confining ourselves strictly to one class of work; by employing none but the

BEST of WORKMEN,

Using nothing but First-class Improved Machinery, and the Very Best of Selected Timber, and by a Thorough Knowledge of the business, we have justly earned the reputation of making

The best wagon on Wheels.

We give the following warranty with each wagon:

We Hereby Warrant the FISH BROS. WAGON No. ...... to be well made in every particular and of good material, and that the strength of the same is sufficient for all work with fair usage. Should any breakage occur within one year from this date by reason of defective material or workmanship, repairs for the same will be furnished at place of sale, free of charge, or the price of said repairs, as per agent's price-list, will be paid in cash by the purchaser producing a sample of the broken or defective parts as evidence.

TITUS G. FISH,
EDWIN B. FISH,
JNO. C. HUGGINS, } FISH BROS. & CO.

RACINE, WIS., January 1, 1879.

Knowing we can suit you, we solicit patronage from every section of the United States. Send for Prices and Terms, and a copy of our Agricultural Paper to

n44-6m FISH, BROS. & CO., Racine, Wis.

BOOMING, SWEETLY BOOMING!

THE BIG B

C. P. BABBAGE,

MANUFACTURER OF

SADDLES, BRIDLES and HARNESS,

CLOVERPORT, - - - KENTUCKY,

Keeps constantly on hand a large Stock of Everything in the Saddlery and Harness Line, Which will be sold at the lowest cash prices.

GIVE ME A CALL.

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Stationery, Literature, School-books, Gent's Furnishing Goods, Toys, Notions, Wall paper, Etc.

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WINDOW SHADES!
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NOTIONS FOR GENTS
NOTIONS FOR LADIES
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All of the best qualites, latest styles, and at the lowest prices. J. D. BABBAGE.

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Only Paper in the County.

PRINTED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING.

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IS A LIVE,

Wide-Awake!

COUNTY AND

FAMILY NEWSPAPER!

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TERMS:

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LITERARY—Poetry and Stories only of the best merit, avoiding all vulgarity and immoral teaching.

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HOUSEWIFERY—Valuable practical hints to housekeepers.

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HEALTH—Practical hints that will, in many cases, dispense with the expense of a physician, and in other cases afford relief until medical aid can be summoned.

FASHIONS—All the new styles, and changes in the old ones, will be duly noted and reported each week.

AGRICULTURE—Practical papers on farming matters, stock breeding, etc., compiled from reliable, authoritative sources.

COUNTY MATTERS—A vigilant corps of reliable correspondents will furnish us news of every thing that transpires in every neighborhood in the county.

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DO ALL KINDS OF

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Statements, Pamphlets,
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WITH

WILLIAM H. FOX & SON

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LOUISVILLE, KY.

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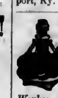
American Lever Hunting or Open Face Watch, warranted a good timekeeper, sent to any address, by express, for $9.00, or 50 cents additional if by mail. Send money in registered letter. Address, F. N. D'HUY & BRO., Jewelers, 173 Wall Street, Cloverport, Ky. jal-6m



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Also MILLING SUPPLIES.

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Office: 23 S. Beaver St., York, Pa.
nov 6 ly

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Passing Cloverport one down and one up daily.

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THE DAILY EXPENSE BOOK.

FOR SALE BY

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With a monthly and annual recapitulation, thus making it an interesting book for reference at the end of each month and year. By keeping such a classified account of daily expenses, the foundation of many a competency has been laid. Every one should have a copy.

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THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY, An unfailing cure for Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhea, Impotency, and all Diseases that follow, as a sequence of Self-Abuse; as Loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude, Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age, and many other Diseases that lead to Insanity or Consumption and a Premature Grave.

Full directions in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. The Specific Medicine is sold by all Druggists at $1 per package, or six packages for $5, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money by addressing

THE GRAY MEDICINE CO.,
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